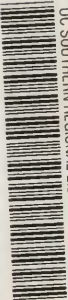


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POETICAL
EFFUSIONS.

BY

A YOUNG LADY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WILLOW BRANCH."

"A virgin muse,

"That wakes her lyre to some indulgent theme,"

BATH:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY S. BENNETT, 20, WESTGATE-STREET;

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1824.

PR
399i
ATW68

Genl Sir Henry
Johnstone

TO THE

REV. ADAM CLARKE, LL.D. F.A.S.

WITH

FEELINGS OF ADMIRATION FOR HIS GREAT LITERARY ATTAINMENTS,

AND

VENERATION FOR HIS UNWEARIED ASSIDUITY

IN THE CAUSE OF PURE AND UNDEFILED RELIGION,

THESE SIMPLE

EFFUSIONS

Of a youthful Muse,

ARE HUMBLY INSCRIBED, WITH PERMISSION,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

881715



P R E F A C E .

THESE juvenile productions would never have met the public eye, but for the earnest importunities of several partial friends, and for the sanguine hope that the sale of this little volume might augment the pecuniary resources of a widowed and invalid mother.

The Writer is conscious that the following pieces will elicit no commendation from the reader who seeks for proof of intellect only; neither will they afford gratification to the refined poet; nevertheless, the Christian mind, that is characterized as condescending to “men of low estate,” and whose prerogative it is to trace beauty and discern cause for gratitude and adoration, even in those “weak things which God

hath chosen to bring to nought things that are mighty," may discover, in these little compositions, the operations of His spirit, who, out of the mouths of babes, not unfrequently, perfects his praise.

Many of the following poems were written by the Author, at the very early age of Fourteen Years; and, though affording ample scope for revision and correction, they are now presented in nearly their original form; whilst the principal part of those that bear a more recent date, was penned during a season of protracted bodily affliction, and within the precincts of a sick chamber. These considerations, the Writer trusts, will ensure the kind indulgence of those who may honour this volume with their perusal.

BATH, *February*, 1824.

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POETICAL EFFUSIONS.

POETICAL EFFUSIONS.

ON HEARING THE SOUND OF DISTANT BELLS.

LIST to yon village bells! how sweet they sound!
Making the hills and vallies to resound,
With notes that please and much delight the ear,
Now seeming distant, then advancing near,
The passing zephyr swells each tuneful note:
Anon they die—and gentle murmurs float
Upon my mind, which soar my soul above,
Lead me to think of God's unbounded love,
Make me desire to hear the notes divine,
And hail the day when I the world resign.

September, 1815.

ODE

ON MY FATHER'S BIRTH-DAY.

THIS day's arriv'd—affection guide my pen,
To sing the praises of the best of men—
A father dear—affection once more cries,
This is his natal day—he's good and wise.
My father, can thy daughter tune her lay
To tell thy tenderness from day to day?
I cannot half my love to thee express
In these few simple lines, that I address
To thee, my father, best of human kind,
Who doth unbend and form my opening mind.
My father, shall thy hopes be lost on me?
No! with obeisance I will bend my knee

Before th' Almighty throne: for grace I'll pray,
To strengthen wisdom in me every day;
If Heaven prolongs my life, what will I prove?
I hope a child of duty and of love.
Dear parent, I will soothe thy ev'ry care,
And show my tenderness whilst thou art here;
And when the tyrant, Death, in grim array,
Shall come to call from hence thy soul away,
Oh! then what comfort can I find below?
The comfort will be, that thy soul doth flow
Through streams of love, rich in eternal grace,
And singing hymns before thy Saviour's face;
Enjoying regions which are quite unknown
To mortal man: then let me cease to mourn.
The eye of faith thus looks on things to come,
And Resignation cries "thy will be done."

But oh! my father's life, Preserver, spare,
And I with hymns will meet each happy year.

Dear father, now my lines are at an end,
And let the critic censure or commend,
These are the pure effusions of my mind,
And speak the feelings that my heart design'd.

January, 1815.

ODE

ON THE SABBATH.

THERE is a day that brings much joy,
'Like to the king and peasant's boy,—
A day of peace without alloy,—

THE SABBATH.

The beasts they rest from stripe and blow,
And with mankind they seem to know
What blessed comforts ever flow

Upon THE SABBATH.

The birds they fly on freedom's wing,
And offer up a cheerful hymn :
No sportsman's near to-day, they sing,

This is THE SABBATH.

The savage has a day of rest,
He knows there's One that's always best :
Come, Christians, haste, your God address,

Now on THE SABBATH.

Then may we all more cheerful go,
To learn our duty here below,
And hope to reap the fruit we sow,

An endless SABBATH.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MY MOTHER, ON HER BIRTH-DAY, OCT. 24th. 1815.

DEAR mother, this thy natal day,
How many years have wing'd away,
Since the bright auspicious morn
Gave one birth, that doth adorn
The world, as mother, wife, and friend,
To whom your heart you may unbend.
With kindest sympathy she takes a part
In ev'ry sorrow that o'erhangs the heart.
Indulgent mother and angelic wife,
May virtue guide, and God prolong thy life:
Sweet mother, may those tender eyes long shine,
And ev'ry sacred heartfelt joy be thine.

Come, sister dear, and brothers kind, rejoice!

This is our mother's natal day, rejoice!

May all of us here dwell in peace and love,

And fully taste of purer joys above;

May we oft hail this day with joyful hearts,

Till haggard Death our earthly meeting parts;

Then, with the prospects of eternal joy

And pleasures lasting, that will never cloy,

We'll join th' angelic host and things divine,

Leave this sad world, and all its cares resign,

Escape to worlds of bliss, where friends re-meet,

And sing loud anthems at our Saviour's feet.

LINES

ON RECEIVING A NOSEGAY OF WILD FLOWERS FROM MY BROTHERS.

My dearest boys, the nosegay I approve
Because it is a token of your love;
For me you kindly pluck'd the wildest flowers,
That nature, full of bounty, on us showers;
Th' anemone, you cull'd it with delight,
And early cowslip greeted then your sight;
The fragrant violet, hair-bell white and blue,
The gaudy buttercup you gather'd too;
But, mark these flowers! how soon they all decay,
They're wither'd now, though flourishing to-day:
Just so, my dears, will beauty quickly fly,
And you, just like these flow'rs, must quickly die;

Then seize the present time, before you fade,
Learn goodness, ere within the tomb you're laid,
That when you're call'd from hence to soar above,
You may enjoy and reap a Saviour's love.

FUGITIVE STANZAS.

1.

LIFE's transitory scenes are lost,
When contemplation comes:
My thoughts on different themes are tost,
To heaven my spirit roams.

2.

May I in bower and lonely grove,
Think of the world to come;

Let all that's transient from me rove,
And I be hast'ning home.

3.

Tho' here on earth sweet Nature's given
A universal charm,
Yet what is this, compar'd to heaven,
The land without alarm.

4.

Jesus, my Saviour, points the way,
And folds me in his arms,
And leads me to the realms of day
And bright celestial charms.

A THUNDER STORM,

WITH THE STORY OF OLIVIA INTRODUCED.

THE low'ring clouds portend a direful storm,
The trees all shake and Nature feels alarm!
Upon my ear no gentle murm'rings float,
The little songsters cease to tune a note,
No fresh'ning zephyrs fan the labourer's toil,
But intense heat, which scorches dry the soil;
Large drops now fall and awful thunders roll,
And forked lightnings play from pole to pole:
Now poor Olivia, a lone peasant child,
Is gath'ring flow'rets o'er the craggy wild,
Her parents both are dead, no friend has she
To drop on her the tear of sympathy:

They who once view'd Olivia with delight
Are snatch'd for ever from the orphan's sight ;
But ere they bade adieu to care and pain,
And found departure their eternal gain,
Olivia's mind they had enrich'd with truth,
And nurtur'd her to seek the God of youth ;
Thus, in this dreadful hour, Olivia feels
Faith in her God, and piously she kneels.
The peals of thunder now they rend the air,
And the poor sinner trembles with despair.
In such a tempest warriors stand aghast,
E'en the brave seaman thinks it is his last.
The storm roars loud, the peasant lifts her eyes,
And thus she prays to Him who rides the skies :
“ Omnipotent ! who guardeth all from harm,
“ Whose power it is to calm, or rage the storm ;

“ Whose power it is to still the foaming seas,
“ Father Almighty! on my bended knees,
“ Thy prompt protection, Lord! I do implore,
“ To keep me safe in this impending hour.”

The storm abates—her Maker lends his ear
To poor Olivia’s pious, fervent prayer.

LINES

ADDRESSED AND PRESENTED TO HER LATE MAJESTY, QUEEN
CHARLOTTE, DURING HER VISIT TO BATH.

ACCEPT, great Charlotte! amiable and mild,
These simple lines, the tribute of a child:
Ah! could my tongue such lofty strains rehearse,
As beam’d in Pope and Milton’s sacred verse;

Or like a Cowper, sweetly slide along,
And please my hearers with harmonious song ;
Then would I, in true poesy, take flight,
And paint thy virtues in their native light;
Tell England's people thy unsullied worth
And bless with them the day that gave thee birth.
Though, gracious queen! I cannot tune my lyre
To strains of sweet and true poetic fire,
Yet my poor muse will aim to sing thy praise,
And speak her feelings, in these simple lays.
All hail! beloved queen of Britain's isle,
Bathonians now shall hail thee with a smile ;
Fair Nature! too, be cloth'd in ev'ry grace,
And let bright charms pervade thy lovely face ;
Join with our Charlotte's subjects to be gay,
And cast awhile thy wint'ry garb away.

My much lov'd Queen ; it needs an abler pen
Than mine, to sing thy praise so due from men ;
But now be pleas'd my heartfelt wish to hear,
And Heaven, kind Heaven, accept my fervent prayer :
May convalescency to thee ensue,
And blest Hygeia breathe on thee anew ;
Thy each declining year may bliss attend,
And smiling peace with downy wings descend ;
Still happy in thyself and all around,
With sweet domestic love thy head be crown'd ;
If e'er substantial bliss is found below,
May'st thou it taste—this life's a scene of woe,
And vain's my wish, true joy dwells not on earth,
'Tis with the angel throng it has its birth—
'Tis in th' etherial home the soul's at rest,
And finds a pillow on her Maker's breast.

Charlotte, 'tis there thy virtues will be known,
Where an impartial Saviour claims his own;
To Him, when earth you leave, Oh! may you soar,
And rest for ever on that peaceful shore.
And now my Queen, a few more notes I'll sing,
Respecting George, thy consort and our King.
His rever'd worth shall ever be confest,
And his lov'd image fill each tender breast.
When he shall droop in death, he still must live
In memory—'tis all we have to give:
Heav'n grant him patience to endure its rod,
And fix his hopes on ease at last with God!
Then may your gentle souls together fly,
And dwell in love through all eternity.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR OF "DAVID DREADNOUGHT," ON RECEIVING
FROM HIM A COPY OF HIS POETICAL WORKS.

HAIL, Whitechurch! hail! the muses' favor'd bard!

My simple theme of gratitude regard;

Receive my thanks, from sources pure they flow,

This lowly verse I trust their truth will shew.

My muse can't soar, in unison with thine,

To paint the prospect of each foreign clime;

To sing of perils o'er, or things to come,

Or what heroic actions men have done;

Yet with a grateful heart I tune my lyre,

To thank thee for thy energetic fire.

I need not say with what delight I scan

O'er ev'ry line which paints the life of man;

O'er each bright page wherein is strictly given
The only road to happiness and heaven.
Your *Dreadnought* first appears with heart of stone,
Callous to ev'ry tenderness, and prone
To sinful mirth, and blasphemy of tongue,
Inclin'd to join the careless impious throng;
But onward you peruse, and soon you find
That God enlighten'd *Dreadnought's* harden'd mind:
Thus do we see, the man that once was sin,
Virtue in actions—godliness within.
Thou sublime bard! thy lines such truths impart,
That thrill with ecstasy the feeling heart,
Inspire the youthful mind with heavenly love,
And lift the aged to the realms above.
Respected Whitechurch! when thy body's laid
'Neath the green sod, and nature's debt be paid,

Thy works shall live as long as ages roll,
To be an emblem of thy pious soul;
And when this fleeting world shall be no more,
And earthly prospects—earthly things be o'er;
When to the dead the summons shall be given,
To quit the grave and meet the Judge of heaven;
Then, rever'd Whitchurch! shall thy deeds be known,
And all thy pious labours God will own;
The angel throng will meet thee in thy way
To heaven, and lead thee to the realms of day,
Where with the ransom'd, shall thy soul, so blest,
Enjoy her sacred—her eternal rest.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A WIDOWER.

AH! who is he that sits with haggard eye?
Why does he grieve, and heave the bitter sigh?
It is because his Eliz'beth is fled,
And her lov'd body mingled with the dead:
A flow'r she was, just in its finest bloom;
That tyrant, Death, hath cut her off too soon.
'Tis not too soon, the cherub angels say,
Her soul is wanted in the realms of day;
She's much too good, to dwell on earth below,
On eager wing, she must now with us go
To those blest skies, where peace for ever reigns,
And there to be releas'd from all her pains.

Inconsolate of men, then ease thy mind,
To cherish, teach, and oh! “be ever kind,
To the sweet pledge that she has left behind;”
May’st thou a mother and a father be,
And in this babe its mother’s image see;
Then calm thy grief, since thou’rt not left alone—
Still there’s an object left, tho’ one is flown.
Belov’d she was by all who knew her worth,
Her face was deck’d with smiles of youthful mirth,
But she had charms beyond what beauty claim’d,
For virtue bright, and goodness, she was fam’d;
A mother’s feelings hardly had she known,
Before her spirit fled to skies her own:
She left this world, to taste of one above,
Where there is nought but purity and love.

* Shaw’s Monody on the Death of a Young Lady.

Let these reflections dry the mourner's tears;
And when a few more swiftly rolling years
Have sped their flight, re-union shall be given,
And you with her be glorified in heaven.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

YE sacred nine ! begin a doleful lay ;
Ye little birds ! that hop from spray to spray ;
Ye tuneful songsters ! now begin your song,
And round the grave of sweet Eliza throng :
Let all confess the infant's pleasing smile,
Replete with innocence and free from guile :
Her little ways much pleasure did impart,

For whils't they pleas'd the eye, they won the heart.

Content, with bearing goodness, grac'd her face,

Angelic sweetness ever kept its place ;

Yet all these charms could not resist the blow

Of cruel Death—kind Heav'n wou'd have it so,

That this sweet child should to the throne ascend,

Where joy and pleasure reign without an end.

Sleep on in peace, dear babe, thy soul's at rest,

No longer pains disturb thy tender breast ;

Thy infant agonies and pangs are o'er,

Thy cry of anguish now is heard no more ;

Parents below no longer view thy charms,

A heav'nly Parent clasps thee in his arms ;

Thy life, so short, seem'd only to be given

To taste of death, then wing its course to heaven.

Angel companions watch'd around thy bed

To take thy soul, soon as from earth it fled;
To shout thee welcome to the blest abode,
Where all are glorified and fill'd with God.

1816.

THOUGHTS ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

MY muse arise with contemplative lay,
Assist me now to sing of New-Year's Day;
With serious thought let me review the past,
And think the latter year may be my last;
Tho' now, in health, I rise to greet this day,
That nought avails—I may be call'd away:
Before a twelvemonth's rapid course is fled,
I may be mingl'd with the silent dead.

With mind intent, the year just past I'll scan,
And mark the changes in the life of man.
First vig'rous youth, then age, I've seen decay,
Since the last opening morn of New-Year's Day.
Some may suppose that youth is too robust
To quit this stage of life and sleep in dust;
But Death discharges arrows every hour,—
The rich and poor are subject to his power.
Grim tyrant! all must feel thy pow'rful sway,
The good, the bad, the indifferent, and gay;
Fresh troubles open at each year's return,
Uncertain quite is life—it makes us mourn,
Some friends we've lost, or circumstances chang'd;
Or plans quite blasted, which were just arranged
For future happiness; or joys complete,
Which flatter'd us with every bliss replete.

Such is the state of things—man may repine,
But with reflection God's decrees will shine ;
He best doth know the guidance of our fate,
Who watches over us in every state.
Then since his wakeful providence is nigh,
This following year I will on him rely ;
I'll cast my soul before th' Almighty's throne,
My least of troubles he will not disown.
Now, Oh! my God! accept my humble prayer,
Teach me thy name to praise throughout the year;
Pity my failings, and Oh! give me rest,
Let me a pillow find upon thy breast;
When sin shall tempt me, may my soul take rise,
And seek its refuge in the starry skies ;
Be thou thyself my guide and constant friend ;
Father omnipotent! Oh! condescend

To watch o'er me with thy parental care ;
Each hour, each day, my soul, my mind prepare
For that great summons which I must obey ;
Then let thy angels guide me in the way
To bliss—my disembodied spirit then invest
With spotless robes of purity and rest.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

[WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF THE EVENING.]

YONDER, westward, sinks the sun !
Now its glorious course is done ;
Retires to cheer another land,
Obedient to its God's command ;

The varied clouds delight mine eye,
Clad in robes of scarlet dye ;
Prolific nature smiles around,
The staff of life bedecks the ground ;
The birds begin their vesper song,
And nature rests the insect throng ;
Each hill and vale assume a gloom,
And wait the coming of the moon.

LINES

WRITTEN ON LEAVING CLIFTON.

CLIFTON, adieu ! thy flow'ry heaths farewell !
Thy rocky heights and every pleasing dell !

Thy pond'rous fragments o'er the glassy stream,
Fit subject for the lofty poet's theme ;
Thy vast variety, thy wide stretch'd wood,
That forms a barrier to the liquid flood ;
The dizzy summits, deck'd with hare-bell blue,
With diamond lustre in the morning dew ;
Thy awful scenes, still grander when the sun
Has disappear'd, and task assign'd has done,
When Cynthia, with her far more lovely light,
Rob'd with majestic softness, hails the night,
Her radiance mild usurps the azure sky,
And tips the landscape with her silver dye ;
'Tis by her beams I wander with delight,
And view amaz'd, the wond'rous skill and might
Of nature's God, the vast, th' Almighty hand
That form'd the briny deep and rising land ;

Who out of chaos laid so grand a plan,
And made creation's lord, poor sinful man ;
That mark'd each planet's course in ambient air,
And gave the distant satellites to wear,
That they, tho' distant from the sun, may roll
In native light, their own from pole to pole.
These are my thoughts, to see such wonders given,
And lift my soul in ecstacies to Heaven.
Clifton, once more, farewell ! with charms replete,
I leave thy heights to seek a lov'd retreat ;
Sweet Woodland shades ! to me for ever dear,
I now return to court your balmy air ;
Cliftonian scenes, the boon I ask'd denied,
And blest Hygeia breath'd her balm aside ;
But now, my God ! who sits enthron'd above,
Restore my health, to praise thy care and love.

Banish my pains, renew my wasting frame,
And let me live to celebrate thy name ;
But if it be thy will for me to stand
Under the mild affliction of thy hand,
Oh! give me patience to endure thy rod,
And gently breathe, "This is the hand of God."

August, 1818.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF MY BIBLE.

1.

WHAT a rich banquet have I here !
Such a sweet feast, that drives out fear
Of sin, of hell, of death ;

Affords my soul a joyful treat,
Points the glad way to mercy's seat,
And cheers my fleeting breath.

2.

These oracles are God's indeed.
What other comfort do I need,
In this short vale of grief?
'Tis here I ken my endless rest,
And hang by faith on Jesus' breast,
And find a sweet relief.

3.

Here holy precepts form the wise,
And fit the sinner for the skies,
Where purest joy is found;

Shew the poor pilgrim where to tread,
And lead him o'er the rugged bed,
Where many thorns abound.

4.

Oh! grant me grace, my God! to see,
In every line that treats of Thee,
The only way to heaven;
Oh! fill me with thy precious love,
And may I faithfully improve
The talent thou hast given.

5.

Be this my chart, my constant friend,
Until my pilgrimage I end,
Until mine eyes I close;

And when about to yield my breath,
Hide from mine eyes the sting of death,
And wrap me in repose.

6.

Then may I hear the choirs say,
Sister be free, and haste away
To join th' angelic throng ;
Emancipate thyself from earth !
Come where true happiness gives birth
To hallelujah's song.

1818.

MONODY

ON THE DEATH OF MISS W——.

DESCEND my muse, and aid my tale of woe;
In sorrowing numbers bid my verses flow:
To notes of grief my plaintive harp I'll string,
And yet each note must joyfully bring
Some virtuous trait of her I now deplore,
Tho' death has snatch'd her, and she's here no more.
But my weak pow'rs, in prison clay confin'd,
Prevent me painting justly her fair mind;
Shut from my sight her sum of heavenly joy,
Where sickness ceases and no cares annoy,
Lead me to wish my pilgrimage were o'er:
When I enraptur'd gain that happy shore,

Then may I view her bliss,—for 'tis not given
To mortal man to tell the joys of heaven.
But let me, sainted Anne, confine my view
To earth, and tell how all thy virtues grew,
Nurtur'd beneath a father's care, who trod
In the bright paths that lead to bliss and God;
Whose spirit mounted (tir'd of earth) on high,
First to behold the pure ethereal sky,
And to secure in paradise a seat
For his lov'd daughter, in the bless'd retreat
Where is rewarded all her good below,
That beam'd alike on either friend or foe.
Yes, Anne, thy prompt humanity, thy zeal
Fled to distress, and made the mother feel,*

* Alluding to Miss W.'s being the Assistant Secretary of the Society
for the Relief of Lying-in Women.

In nature's throes, thy wonted kind relief,
A balmy drop in her sad cup of grief;
But most conspicuous shone that love of thine,
So like thy father, in the things divine;
Patient in life, in death now sweetly blest,
Supremely happy in eternal rest.
Sisters attend ! review her useful life,
Mark her sweet exit, free from care and strife ;
Copy her purity, her virtues learn,
Drop tears of joy—ye have no cause to mourn ;
A dulcet requiem chant, in strains of love,
And claim, like her, a rich reward above.
Refin'd from earth, beatitude's her gain,
Affliction's lost,—disrob'd are care and pain.

A SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

1.

THY table, oh my God! is spread
To cheer each honour'd guest ;
Here we partake the precious bread,
And take the pledge of rest.

2.

Thy body and thy blood we see
At this sweet feast of thine.
Prior to thy suff'rings on the tree,
Thou said'st, This supper's mine :

3.

Thou said'st, As often as ye meet
Around my sacred board,

Remember me and all my grief;

Think of your dying Lord!

4.

Shall we the invitation fly,

When Christ himself invites?

Shall we, by not approaching nigh,

Lose the most dear delights?

5.

No! my great Saviour, we will go

To this repast of love,

Where grace in plenteous streams does flow,

Where food is from above.

6.

Here we will drink immortal wine,

The riches of thy blood,

And kindred souls shall with us join,
To keep the feast of God.

7.

If here on earth such pure delight,
To sinful man be given;
What raptures will the saints of light
Enjoy with Christ in heaven.

1819.

ON HEARING THE BELLS PROCLAIMING
THE HOUR FOR DIVINE WORSHIP.

SWEETLY sounds the Sabbath bell!
Echoing through the wood and dell;
Bids the christian haste to pray,
And due observe the Sabbath day :

But, oh, I mourn to think that I
Cannot obey this minstrelsy ;
For sickness now denies a seat
In the dear choir of God's retreat :
Through pale disease, I cannot raise
A public altar, fraught with praise ;
Yet private off'rings shall ascend,
And hymns of praise my soul shall blend ;
My ev'ry wish I would resign,
And have no will but that of thine,
Who rul'st the armies of the sky,
And stoop'st to hear the suppliant's cry.

Southampton, 1818.

ON THE SABBATH.

WELCOME, sweet day ! of day's the best,
Giving the weary pilgrim rest ;
That whils't he's journeying thro' this waste,
He may of gospel riches taste.
Tir'd of the six days' care and woe,
With joy he treads the courts below ;
There, wrapt in praise, his soul ascends,
With homage deep his knee he bends ;
With tear-fraught eye his God is blest,
And thank'd for this sweet day of rest.
The man of God turns o'er the page
Of sacred record, to assuage

The grief of every tempted mind,
By pointing out a Saviour kind;
Grace flows around, the theme of ev'ry tongue,
And Heav'n alights on all the christian throng;
Redeeming love illumines each raptur'd breast,
And all confess the day of hallow'd rest;
The organ's peal is sweetly rais'd,
And God the Father, Son, is prais'd;
All in one concert loudly sing
Immortal praises to their King.
I fain would join this praise divine,
And in the chorus mingle mine;
But, oh! I cannot, for my God
Afflicts me with his tender rod;
My tenement is shook with pain,
And day and night do I complain,

And to my great Physician cry,
Oh! ease my pains, or else I die ;
But all impatience, Lord, restrain,
Support my weak and trembling frame ;
Comfort my soul with thy sweet love
And meeten me for bliss above.

EPITHALAMIUM,

AFFECTIONATELY ADDRESSED TO MY DEAR MARIA, ON HER
NUPTIAL DAY.

ACCEPT, dear girl, on this thy nuptial day,
A friend's effusions, and affection's lay ;
It is not mine to boast poetic fire,
Else strains of sweetness should adorn my lyre ;

No chaplet wreath is wove to grace my muse,
Tho' pregnant spring doth ev'ry charm diffuse;
For my aspirings can no merit claim,
Yet, dear Maria, by that tender name,
Let me conjure you to accept my theme,
And on these lines one look of pleasure beam;
For rest assur'd, these wishes thrill my heart,
That you and happiness may never part.
Nature, I now invoke thee to be gay,
And greet with smiles this joyous blissful day;
Ye charming meads, array'd in blooming pride,
Exhale your fragrance to the lov'ly bride;
Ye warbling minstrels of the Woodland vale,
Pour your sweet notes upon the passing gale;
Ye flow'ry tribes! your richest odours fling,
And crown this morn with all the bloom of spring;

Felicitas, with Suada, now descend,
And hand in hand your softest influence blend,
To scatter roses on the holy vow,
And thro' revolving years, oh ! may they grow
With few attendants of the wounding thorn ;
Let their bright fairness ev'ry care disarm.
I do not mean a gay ephemeral flower,
Whose beauties sully with the passing hour ;
But the sweet rose of love, that never dies,
That blooms in life, and even death defies ;
That with its fragrance leaves a long perfume,
And grows immortal o'er the silent tomb :
This, this I ask for you from bounteous Heaven,
For hallow'd love's an antepast of heaven.
May you through life ne'er know contending strife,
But be the loving and the much-lov'd wife ;

In the bright paths of virtue may you go
Through life serenely, whether weal or woe,
Repose on Heaven, breathe forth the fervent prayer,
The God of love divine will lend his ear.
In this terrene abode we roam for joy,
And grasp with eagerness the empty toy,
Disgust succeeds, we find no bliss is given
Below, save in the things that fit for heaven ;
Only religion can secure us rest,
And give to earth's enjoyments keener zest ;
The sweets of piety extend to death,
Its hopes support and calm the dying breath ;
Secure the soul above an endless treat,
A banquet spread at a Redeemer's feet.
Domestic bliss religion will attend,
And be its constant and its zealous friend ;

To hands united, give congenial souls;
Then every season, rapid as it rolls,
Will heighten love and soft connubial bliss,
The tender welcome, and the sacred kiss.
These are the joys religion's sure to give,
To bid us love, not loving cease to live.
If e'er 'tis thine to feel a mother's cares,
If e'er 'tis thine to know her hopes and fears,
If e'er thy breast heave with maternal love,
Oh! train thy cherub for the realms above.
Dig deep the soil, expunge the choking weed,
And in its place infuse the holy seed.
Let mild persuasion be thy potent rod,
To form it lovely in the sight of God.
With sweet solicitude direct its youth,
And counsel it to hunger after truth,

That as 'tis thine by laws of nature given,
By laws of grace, it may be Christ's in heaven.
This is a day of day's momentous time,
From henceforth may each bliss of life be thine;
A tender husband's love, his softest smile,
Thy joys to heighten and thy ills beguile,
A scene of sweet uninterrupted love,
A happy life—a crown of bliss above.
Of this glad day may'st thou, my dearest girl,
Have blest returns—Maria, fare thee well!

1819.

THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM.

COME now, my soul, and sit and sing,
And every sorrow from thee fling,
To chant the praises of thy King,

The Babe of Bethlehem.

Come bend thy pow'rs in sweet belief;
Be banish'd every sense of grief;
Expand thy wings, thy Lord to greet,

The Babe of Bethlehem.

Blest Christmas, hail! thy sacred time
I love, for then from David's line,
There sprang a brilliant light divine,

The Babe of Bethlehem.

'Twas this sweet season, when the babe,

In spotless purity array'd,

Was in the lowly manger laid,

Sweet Babe of Bethlehem.

Was there no place to lay thy head,

Save on the fragrant hay-made bed?

Where God th' adoring shepherds led,

To greet the Babe of Bethlehem.

Ab, no! cruel man denied to thee

The rights of hospitality,

For amid horned kine we see

The Babe of Bethlehem.

At thy blest birth the angels sang,

The heavenly portals joyous rang,

Salvation's day is now began,

Hail! Babe of Bethlehem.

The angels sang to man good-will,
Sweet tranquil peace the earth shall fill,
And heaven's high arches echo still

Blest Babe of Bethlehem.

Think now, my soul, what bliss is bought,
Think what a Saviour's birth hath wrought,
A crown of joy that fadeth not,

Sweet Babe of Bethlehem.

Christians, rejoice! dispel your gloom,
Past is the horror of the tomb,
Behold the bright Messiah's come,

The Babe of Bethlehem.

Bend, bend my soul! thy homage pay,
To keep thy Saviour's natal day,
But, oh! 'thou canst not e'er repay

The Babe of Bethlehem.

For all thy works can ne'er attain
Admission to the heavenly plain,
Where peace and love triumphant reign,
Bright Babe of Bethlehem.

But, through his righteousness, I see
A blood-bought robe of white for me,
Which dureth through eternity ;
Hail! Babe of Bethlehem.

December, 1819.

ON WOMAN.

Who is that sweet and lovely friend,
Who can by soft endearments lend
Her aid, man's stubborn will to bend?
'Tis Woman.

Whose smile can snatch th' envenom'd dart
Of sorrow from the wounded heart,
And with one look bid grief depart?

'Tis Woman.

Who doth with feeling heart attend,
On those whose need demands a friend,
And kind assistance glad doth lend?

'Tis Woman.

Who, when man heaves the bitter sigh,
And sorrow's trickling child is nigh,
Who wipes the tear from either eye?

Dear Woman.

Who, when affliction droops the head,
And earthly comforts seem as fled,
Who, with such love hangs o'er the bed?

'Tis Woman.

And when in pain man turns for rest,

He finds a pillow on her breast :

For who below can give him zest,

Save Woman?

Who humanizes all mankind?

Who with persuasion forms the mind

To all that's virtuous good and kind?

'Tis Woman.

From whence springs every dear delight,

To feast the mind as friend and wife?

Who is on earth that lovely light?

Dear Woman.

Who, when the infant's tender age

Doth all the mother's thoughts engage,

Who can its pressing wants assuage

But Woman?

Who views with joy the op'ning year
Of reason, to increase her care,
To teach the soul what's good and fair?

'Tis Woman.

And when the sweet and valued flower
Begins to know maternal power,
Who on the bud doth wisdom shower?

'Tis Woman.

And after scenes of childhood cease,
(Those sweet unconscious hours of peace,)
Can there be then the least release

For Woman?

Oh, no ! she still pursues her toil
With fervour, on her well made soil,
For fear her care should meet a foil.

Sweet anxious Woman.

'Tis thus she blossoms thro' this life,
As daughter, mother, friend, and wife,
To heighten joy and soften strife,

Lov'd Woman.

1819.

LINES

TO MY SISTER, ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER BIRTH-DAY.

ELIZA dear, this happy natal time
Demands the tribute of a sister's rhyme:
This earth has made ten circles round the sun,
Since the blest period that your life begun;
Summer and winter have alternate given
To man, the bounties of indulgent heaven;

Your heav'nly Father has dispens'd to you
The sweets of health, a bliss possess'd by few ;
Blessings beyond compute, cannot be told,
My love, you've had from God a hundred fold ;
Oh! 'tis a privilege of matchless worth,
That your great Maker, God, ordain'd your birth
In a fair christian land, where Gospel grows,
And free salvation news the soul o'erflows ;
Where all may go and drink the living stream
Of Jesu's blood, which can alone redeem ;
Then flee my sister to that fount of light,
Which will be pleasing in the holy sight
Of great Immanuel and his glorious throng ;
Who will instruct you how to sing the song
Of glad hosannas to the Prince of Peace,
Who shall, by death, your prison'd soul release,

To soar on seraph's wing th' ethereal sky,
Where pain must cease and tribulation die.
On this sweet Saviour you must e'er depend,
For he's your counsellor, your guide, your friend;
Read his bright legacy with zeal and love,
And mark what bliss is in reserve above;
Read too, and tremble at the weight of woe,
Prepar'd for sinners and God's hellish foe;
Forsake this world, with all her gilded toys,
And hasten to the land that never cloy;
Implore his grace to fit you for that rest,
A station on your dear Redeemer's breast.
I now conclude, my love, with prayer that you
May fight the fight of faith, and good pursue;
Sin's wages fly, which is eternal death,
And whilst your great Creator lends you breath,

Begin on earth the saint's enraptur'd song,
And sweeter sing when you regain the throng
Of perfect spirits in the land of light,
And mount with eager speed the wond'rous height ;
With " heavenly harpers " cast your glorious crown
Before the footstool of th' Almighty's throne,
In grateful triumph your best praises tend,
And let them last for ever without end.

AN EXERCISE OF THE SOUL.

1.

MY Jesus! my Jesus! I long
Thy fullest salvation to taste ;
My soul, with her liveliest song,
Thy mercy, dear Lord! would embrace ;

But, ah! how my frailties rebel,

A war in my members I find,

Which nought but thy grace can dispel,

And enlighten my ignorant mind.

2.

When to praise thee my tongue would aspire,

How cold and how formal my strain;

I pray that my notes may be higher,

Then my weakness of flesh gives me pain ;

Or earth with her shadows molest,

Or Satan would draw me from thee,

Or an idol would dwell in this breast,

Which, alas! I've no pow'r to flee.

3.

Yet, tho' I've no strength of my own,

My Saviour, my God, is my rock;

This Jesus, he hears every moan

That breathes from his journeying flock.

Sharp thorns may be strew'd o'er the hill

Which leads us to Sion's abode,

But Immanuel is with us still,

To soften the briary road.

4.

His Gospel, his Gospel is sweet,

To infuse in life's potion of woe;

We've only to follow his feet,

And to glory we surely shall go.

Wash'd white in the blood which was spilt

On Calvary's towering mount,

We shall lose every stain of our guilt,

When plung'd in this life-giving fount.

5.

My heart, be thou broken with love,
At a subject so deep and sublime,
That Jesus should haste from above,
With salvation to gladden this clime ;
My soul, 'twas for thee that he bled,
To save thee from hell and from death !
Nor the Jew, nor the Roman, he fled,
But quietly yielded his breath ;
Now ascended he ever doth reign,
To make intercession for thee,
And angels his honours proclaim
Through the ages of eternity.

STANZAS

ON THE PRIMROSE.

1.

THOU beauteous tenant of the brake,

I greet with joy thy face,

I'll bid the rural strain awake,

To paint thy varied grace.

Queen of the flow'rets wild, thy charms I love,

And nigh thy fragrant scent delighted rove.

2.

Sweet primrose, clad in simple vest,

In neat and trim array,

In modesty's attire thou'rt drest,

And blooming still—not gay;

Replete with beauties, yet retiring gait,
Breathing thy odours to the lonely brake.

3.

No gaudy colour in thy form,
No harsh obtrusive glare ;
Safely protected from the storm
By briar and hawthorn dear,
Where Philomela pours her plaintive strain,
To soothe the care-worn breast of grief and pain.

4.

Come hither, fav'rite flower,
I'll moralize on thee,
For quickly comes the hour,
When I shall no more see
Thy humble form—for summer's reign
Will bring her gay attendant train.

5.

Come, teach my heart to flee
The bustle of the crowd;
Come teach me true humility,
That shuns the vain and proud;
T' avoid the thoughtless giddy maze,
And far diffuse my Maker's praise.

6.

Like thee, I would be hid
Far from the noisy crew,
And, unmolested, dwell amid
The soil on which I grew,
Diffusing od'rous sweets around,
And not a cumb'rer of the ground.

7.

Like thee, I would illumine
The thorny path of life,

And shed a mild perfume
Through each conflicting strife;
I would not knowingly exalt my head,
But cling with fondness to my native bed.

8.

I would, like thee, fulfil
The kind designs of Heaven,
Perform the gracious will
Of Him who life has given;
Speak, whilst I live, my Jesu's praise,
And consecrate to him my days.

1820.

LYRICAL VERSES.

1.

SOLDIER of Christ, arise! arise!

Shake off your gloomy fears,

Behold, behold above the skies

A brilliant crown appears.

2.

'Tis sweetly gemm'd, and wond'rous bright,

Come, soldier! press thee on!

Awake thee to behold its light,

The prize will soon be won.

3.

Have courage, then, thou warrior blest,

Thy Captain's gone before;

For thee he claims a home of rest,

A rest on Canaan's shore.

4.

Oh, then, be bold—disdain to fear,

Since He his strength will lend,

And through the fight thy soul will bear

To triumph without end.

REFLECTIONS.

AND did my Jesus bleed and die,

To save a wretch so vile as I?

Did cruel thorns his temples tear,

That mine a golden crown may wear?

Did he for me taste death and woe?
And did the crimson current flow
Adown the cross, that I may be
Sav'd from eternal misery?
Yes, 'twas for me he suffer'd this,
To buy my soul a seat in bliss;
T' appease the Father's wrath, and prove
The depth of his redeeming love.
Expand my heart, with fond desire;
My soul, with love be all on fire;
Mine eyes, o'erflow and all my days
Be spent in hymning sacred praise;
And when I drop this veil of clay,
I'll shout his love through endless day.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND, ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

ANOTHER year is fled—Alfred attend—
Unite with me to bless our highest friend,
The God of gods, the Lord of worlds on high,
Who lives and reigns above yon azure sky;
Whose pow'r and goodness fill unbounded space,
Whose footsteps mark the forest and the waste.
Unnumber'd blessings He to you hath given:
Temporal good and joyful hopes of heaven.
Both purchas'd for you with his precious blood,
The payment hallow'd by the crimson flood;
Here's matchless love!—I to his breast would soar,
Fall at his footstool, wonder and adore.

Come, I invite you to attune your lay,
And hail with songs of praise this natal day ;
Your heart without reserve give up to God,
And plunge yet deeper in the cleansing flood ;
Take up your cross and eagerly pursue
The path to glory, that our Jesus drew ;
True, 'tis a straight and briary path to tread,
But then 'twas trodden by our glorious Head,
Who, with sweet sympathy his aid will lend,
And prove himself our all-sufficient friend ;
In his pierc'd hands he holds a glorious crown,
Inviting us to claim it as our own ;
“Hasten, my bride,” he says, “to claim your rest,
“And dry your tears upon your husband's breast.”
And can you, Alfred, such allurements scorn,
And not, on this sweet Sabbath natal morn,

Enter into a cov'nant with your God,
Whose nature and whose precious name is Love ?
Yield up your body, spirit, all your soul,
And hasten onward to the heav'nly goal ;
For time is lost in quickly rolling years,
That sweep away our sorrows and our cares ;
Eternity is hast'ning—and how soon
May be the day of day's—the gen'ral doom—
When you, and I, and all mankind must wait
To hear the Judge supreme announce our fate :
But ere that solemn day arrives, may you
Be safe enroll'd among his chosen few.
Twenty-two years you've sojourn'd here on earth,
A few past years you've known the Saviour's worth ;
Long did you lie, entomb'd in nature's night,
Insensible to all surrounding light ;

But the blest spirit of your God on high
Spoke to your soul and bade your darkness fly,
Brought his sweet cheering influence from above,
And woke you up to holiness and love.
Glory to God, for his rich sov'reign grace!
Glory to Him, who bade you seek his face!
Still may you seek him with renew'd delight,
And safely walk with him in shining white;
Leave all for Jesus, to his fountain go,
And make your garments dazzling as the snow;
Be faithful unto death, and you'll receive
All the unwith'ring joys a God can give.
I now conclude, and may my prayers ascend
To my unchanging Advocate and Friend,
For your increase in joy, in faith, and love,
For your diligence to secure above

A glorious rest, without the least alloy,

A bright, a whole eternity of joy.

November 26th, 1820.

HYMN.

1.

MY Jesus, how I long to be
Perfectly conform'd to thee;
Chang'd into thy image bright,
Lost in beams of thy own light;
Wrapt in faith, "My Father" cry,
And find thy presence ever nigh.

2.

I the stream of life must taste,
I long—I faint for thy embrace,

For nought can satisfy my soul,
Unless thy spirit fill the whole ;
When this I feel, my soul will rest
Upon my loving Father's breast.

3.

Thine own lost image may I find
Pervade my frail inconstant mind,
Subdue each sin that fain would rise,
T'impede my passage to the skies;
The promis'd Comforter from heaven
Witness and shew my sins forgiven.

4.

Lost in the abyss of thy love,
May I thy perfect fulness prove ;
Lost in immeasurable height,
Thro' glowing faith, pursue my flight

To yonder world, where faith will cease
In visions of eternal peace.

June, 1821.

LINES

WRITTEN IN A SEASON OF MUCH HEAVINESS.

WHY droops my soul, and why do cares invest?
Why does the long drawn sigh burst from my breast?
Why is my harp upon the willow hung?
And why does praise sit silent on my tongue?
It is because the Dove celestial's flown,
And all his sweet attractive influence gone ;
It is because my glorious Sun's conceal'd,
'Tis unbelief that has my Jesus veil'd;

I seek my Lord, my love, in vain I try
To catch one glance of his love-beaming eye;
'Tis darkness all—I fain would plume my wing,
And of his ransom'd creatures loudest sing;
But when about to soar, I find a weight
Chaining me down to this terrene estate,
For clouds and darkness so obscure my sky,
That I can't see my dear Redeemer nigh.
O! how I long, by faith, to feel that blood,
That quench'd the wrath of an offended God!
How do I pant to feel my sins forgiven,
And have my earnest of a seat in heaven!
To feel that all my sins by Him were borne
Who trod the wine-press of our God alone;
Who spread his hands upon th' accursed tree,
To set the fallen sons of Adam free;

Who, after triumphing o'er death and hell,
Displaying love immense—unsearchable,
Soar'd far above the empyrean height,
And reigns sole monarch of the realms of light ;
Unrivall'd reigns, to send th' spirit of power
Into my heart, with pentecostal shower—
The Holy Ghost, t' anoint the wounded soul,
And witness Gilead's balm hath made it whole.
O! that the spirit of health I now could feel!
Come, Comforter divine, and ever seal
Me for thine own, and give me to behold,
My wand'ring soul safe lodg'd within the fold
Of that sweet company, who, joyous, haste
Onward to Sion, through this barren waste,
Where beasts of prey with savage temper roam,
To fright the pilgrim whilst he's journeying home ;

But vain's their malice—Judah's Lion reigns,
And gently leads his flock to Salem's plains.

EFFUSIONS

TO A FRIEND, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

FRIEND of my spirit, object of my love,
Choice blessing from the hand of Him above!
Thy natal day's return awakes my lyre
And blooming spring, in all her gay attire,
Greets this auspicious morn, with me to raise
An altar teeming with Jehovah's praise.
Weak is my strain, and feeble is my verse,
But, O! may I my love to thee rehearse,
Touch the sweet chord of hallow'd friendship dear,
And breathe my feelings on thy list'ning ear.

Thou wilt receive my simple strain of love
As emanating from the fount above;
Yes, Mary! yes, our's is celestial fire,
Which through eternity will mount the higher,
Jordan's cold flood shall never quench the flame,
For, oh! 'twill burn and have immortal reign
In that bright world, where holy souls shall never
Be disunited—but enwreath'd for ever.
Then let us fight the fight, and urge our way
To the fair portals of eternal day,
Where friendship's beauteous flower will never die,
For God, the Lamb, will all its need supply,
From his own ocean of unfathom'd love,
Whose depths no angel mind can ever prove.
But shall I tell thee, Mary, how I prize
Thy friendly soul, so void of all disguise?

Solace of my existence thou dost prove,
Teaching me how to climb the mount of God.
In thee, sweet sharer of my weal and woe,
I see rich streams of consolation flow ;
Streams of my Father's love, on me pour'd down,
To glad my soul and still the sorrowing moan,
Which fain would rise from out my riv'n heart ;
For thou know'st, Mary, I've been call'd to part
With such dear objects of my fondest care,
Who, whilst below, did ev'ry sorrow share,
Mourn'd when I mourn'd, and joy'd when I rejoic'd :
But, ah ! 'tis true, I ne'er shall hear the voice
Of my lov'd father,—guardian of my youth,—
Who taught my infant mind the page of truth,
Smil'd on my op'ning years, and fondly strove
To load me with his sweet paternal love ;

For thou art flown, my father, thy blest soul
Hath reach'd the peaceful and eternal goal,
Where rude oppression never finds a place,
Where ev'ry tear is wip'd from ev'ry face;
But, soon I trust to share thy rapturing joy,
In that sweet realm where pleasures never cloy;
To tune my harp in unison with thine,
And breathe mellifluously the strain divine;
Bask in the beam that fills thy soul with light,
And make the glad exchange of faith for sight.
Mary, the theme is tender—you'll excuse
The plaintive numbers of a daughter's muse,
And bear with me whilst mem'ry sheds a tear,
Affection's dew drop, on a father's bier:—

MONODY

WRITTEN ON THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF MY BELOVED FATHER'S
DEATH.

"I will sing of mercy and judgement."---*Psalm 101*---v. 1.

1.

THOU all-inspiring hallowing Dove descend,
And tune my harp to notes of sacred praise,
Thy pow'rful unction from above, oh! lend,
And teach my heart to pour her grateful lays.

2.

Does not this solemn day's return demand
From my still bleeding heart a thankful strain?
Shall I, so nurtur'd by Jehovah's hand,
So borne above all sorrow, care, and pain,—

3.

Shall I not swell the gen'ral song of praise,
And sing of mercy, yea of judgment too?
Confess Him just in all his wond'rous ways,
And all his cov'nant love and care review?

4.

I sing of judgment—O! thou Pow'r supreme,
Who hast thy way amid the pathless deep,
Thine is to lend, and thine is to redeem;
Our's to submit, and prostrate at thy feet.

5.

To do thy will, the armies of the sky
On the swift wing of glad obedience move;
Nor can a Gabriel, though in glory high,
Sound the deep counsels of thy sov'reign love.

6.

Hid from angelic knowledge, mortal ken,
Thine is to rule, to balance, and decree;
Thy righteous sceptre sways the sons of men,
Past, present, future, all are like to thee.

7.

I sing of judgment—yea, for I have known
The hour of sorrow, and the billowing day :
My youthful heart, alas ! it learnt to mourn,
When my lov'd father fled from earth away.

8.

Twelve months have sped their flight since those dear eyes
To heavenwards gaz'd, as longing to be there,
Impatient to behold that paradise
Where weary spirits rest from ev'ry care.

9.

Oh! 'twas a time of deep distress and grief,
Whilst dire disease spread o'er his much-lov'd form :
In this dread hour where could I find relief,
Save in the arms of Him who rules the storm?

10.

To Him I pour'd the ardent ceaseless prayer,
And hop'd this sickness was not unto death;
Besought my God, his precious life to spare,
And in rich mercy lengthen out his breath.

11.

But all in vain—commission'd from on high,
The fatal arrow struck his house of clay;
His elder brother beckon'd from the sky,
And bid him welcome to the realms of day.

12.

I watch'd his couch, and saw the grace divine
Express'd in all his meek submissive will;
No murmur breath'd, nor did he e'er repine—
He heard the voice that whisper'd "Peace, be still."

13.

Before that cheering voice all sorrow fled;
His end was peace, but no extatic joy.
His spirit rested on the Lamb who bled;—
Enter'd the bliss that suffers no alloy.

14.

That hour of grief methinks again I view,
When all death's signals press'd upon my sight—
The hurried breathing and the chilly dew,
All told him hasting to the plains of light.

15.

With eager ardent prayer, he raised his frame,
And fondly grasp'd a hand of all around:
Fault'ring, in death, dwelt on the hallow'd name
Of Him whose mercy never knew a bound.

16.

His life's best love, and orphans dear, he cast
On the broad bosom of his faithful God:
He knew whose arm had succour'd through the past,
And now invited him to trust his love.

17.

The partner of his life, my mother dear,
Hung o'er the bed, where lay th' expiring saint;
When, lo ! a sight so full of bliss was there,
A smile it was—angelical, yet faint—

18.

That for a moment shone and look'd so bright,
As prelude to the never-ending day,
That rules in splendour th' empyrean height,
And gilds heaven's sky with an unclouded ray.

19.

The weary pulse of life now ceas'd to beat,—
His eye of fondness clos'd on all below, —
Unseen attendants led him forth to meet
The bliss that can no interruption know.

20.

Gazing upon his sleeping clay, my heart
Told the sad truth I had no father here,
To whose parental breast I could impart
My all of sorrow and my all of care.

21.

Yet, in this hour of filial grief, the light
Of faith illum'd my lacerated heart,
Pointed to Him who's hid from mortal sight,
Yet reigns enthron'd, his succour to impart.

22.

I call'd this great One, Father, and my soul
Beheld in him the orphan's shield and stay;
Check'd were the waves of sorrow in their roll,
And I was taught "Thy will be done" to say.

23.

Therefore, upon the harp to thee I'll sing,
And tell thy goodness, oh! thou glorious Lord
My warmest praises to thy feet will bring,
And gratitude shall swell my every chord.

24.

And when I tread the golden courts above,
And re-embrace my father in the air,
My raptur'd soul shall shout thy boundless love,
And all eternity thy praise declare.

September 1st, 1822.

NOCTURNAL REFLECTIONS,

WRITTEN UNDER BODILY SUFFERING.

THIS earthly house I feel is frail!—it is
A tenement prone to decay, subject
To all the nipping blasts of dire disease,
Which often shake its fabric, built in dust,
Proclaiming loudly “This is not your rest.”

Oh! what a tabernacle is this of mine!
So exquisitely form'd, that all its parts
Pourtray the wisdom of its sovereign Lord;
So fair and yet so fragile is its mould,
That flow'rs of summer fade not half so soon ;
E'en the poor moth, with silken wing, can boast
Of an existence more secure and firm.
Yes, sin, that enemy to God and man,
Hath render'd it thus mortal, and justice
Hath decreed its quick return to mother
Earth. Though it is short liv'd, it is destin'd
To be the casket of a gem of such
Vast worth, that all the store of oceans mines
Of gold, systems and suns, and all the host
Of glowing constellations bright, must sink
To nought, if once compar'd with that which will

Survive the "crush of worlds," and run its round
Of endless being, when moons shall cease to wane,
And suns to shine. Yes, yes, my soul, I feel
Thou art immortal! all within declares
This truth—a truth so big with holy hope
And joy, that language fails, and even thought's
O'erwhelm'd, amid the depths profound that meet
My view. Materialist, oh! what have you
To soft the briary road of life, and joy
Beyond the grave? Your pleasures rest in sense;
And madly you deny the being of
A spark within, that all the floods of death
Can never quench, or e'en eternity
Extinguish. Your conceptions are so gross
And vain, you have my pity, and, I add,
My prayers: for I would not be mindless of

The murky gloom that engulfs you, whilst I
Rejoice in hope of immortality,
To which fair state I am entitled, by
The cov'nant love of great Immanuel,
The eternally belov'd of God, who
Suffer'd in my stead and sheath'd the glitt'ring
Sword of vengeful wrath within that breast, where
Roll'd a sea of love.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A BROTHER, ON HIS BIRTH DAY.

OBJECT belov'd, thy sister must essay
In poesy to hail thy natal day;
My lyre, so long unstrung, shall now impart
To thee the feelings of my grateful heart.

Grateful emotions to the God of heaven,
Who hath in tender love a brother given ;
Spar'd thee to cheer my pilgrimage below ;
Spar'd thee to wipe the tear that fain would flow ;
To aid me onward to the world of light ;
To seek with me a city out of sight.
Can my weak fault'ring tongue express the praise
I owe to Him, who crowneth all my days
With goodness, love, and grace, immense and free,
And still unites a brother's heart to me ?
Why, if I walk the narrow thorny road,
That leads me to the mansions of my God ;
Why, if I do profess to bear the cross,
And for my Saviour count all things as loss,
Should I thus find my path bestrew'd with flowers,
And all my sojournment refresh'd with showers

Of heavenly love and friendship, strong and pure,
Union of souls that shall for e'er endure?
It is because my Jesus reigns above,
And lives to plead before a throne of love.
On this sole ground, a being as I, so vile,
Have streams of love, my travel to beguile.
My brother, tune thy harp with mine to swell
A sacred song to love unspeakable.
Thy blood-bought soul, O, fully yield to God,
And labour for the rest of perfect love;
How do I long to see the sacred flame
Spread through thy soul, and animate thy frame;
How do I pant to see on thee imprest,
The seal divine of holiness and rest;
Glad then thy sister's heart, by opening wide
Thy arms of faith to clasp the crucified,

And on this natal morn give up afresh,
Thy soul and body to his sweet behest;
Keep nothing back, your Captain calls you on,
Jesus will be your shield and cheering sun;
Follow your great exemplar, and he 'll bring
Your ransom'd spirit, where you 'll sit and sing,
On Sion's mount, "Salvation to the Lamb,—
"Eternal glory to the great 'I Am!' "
There may I join you, 'mid the shining host,
Where grace, free grace, will only be our boast;
Where the unveiled charms of Him who bled,
Will be display'd to ev'ry crowned head;
Where rivers of perpetual bliss abide,
And streams of blessedness for ever glide;
In these bright regions of unsullied light
Our happy souls in praises shall unite,

T'adore that gracious Being, who led us through
This howling wilderness of care and woe;
Pluck'd us as brands from everlasting fire,
And then, to raise his glorious triumphs higher,
Bid us ascend, as victors take the crown,
And claim through Christ the kingdom as our own.

WRITTEN ON THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

TIME on its fleeting pinions, me hath borne
To see expire another year—a year
So fraught with blessing and with love, that could
My numbers flow in loftiest strain and echo
Through the earth,—or had I twice ten thousand
Tongues,—I could not reach the theme, or tell the

Gratitude I owe to Him, who holds the
Reins of universal sway, and sitteth
King for ever, and whose will is act, for
He decrees and it is done, in the bright
Armies of the skies, where all the dazzling
Host reflect his brightness, and among the
Sons of men, where none can stay his hand, or
With impunity demand "what doest thou?"
His counsels deep, and emanating from
Eternal love, can ne'er be foil'd, although
Oppos'd; for power omnipotent is His,
T' accomplish all his mercy doth design.
'Tis this stupendous theme of mercy that
Should now attune my lyre, eliciting
Glad strains of praiseful adoration, for
I yet have being, and am this day the

Living to declare his praise; my pulse of
Life still beats, and the sweet boon of health in
Measure I enjoy; my bark, though tempest
Tost, its sails now swell with hope to greet the
Shore of sweet repose, where streams of heav'nly
Love refresh each soul athirst for life. Oh!
This is mercy, that I still desire to
Be a subject in his reign of grace, to
Spread his praise, and pass my little span of
Life, obedient to his gracious will. But,
Shall I lift the veil of retrospect, and
Solemnly review the months, the days, the
Moments that are fled, mingled with those of
Antediluvian date, for they, alas!
Are mine, no more; they 've giv'n in their record
To the court above; and were it not for

Blood divine, where could I hide my blushing
Head; for I've a monitor within that
Tells me "Tekel" must the motto be of
All that I have done, for seeds of latent
Ill have strew'd my pathway through another
Year, and oft intruded on the hallow'd
Hour apart for God, and urging me to
Fly for refuge to the wounds of that blest
Victim, whose pure blood extinguish'd wrath, broke
The iron jaws of death, and open threw
The gate of undeclining day.

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